Now quicke deſire hath caught the yeelding pray,
And glutton-like ſhe feeds, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obay,
Paying what ranſome the inſulter willeth:
Whoſe vultur thought doth pitch the price ſo hie,
That ſhe will draw his lips rich treaſure drie.

And hauing felt the ſweetneſſe of the ſpoile,
With blindfold furie ſhe begins to forrage,
Her face doth reeke, & ſmoke, her bloud doth boile,
And careleſſe luſt ſtirres vp a deſperat courage,
Planting obliuion, beating reaſon backe,
Forgetting ſhames pure bluſh, & honors wracke.

Hot, faint, and wearie, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hādling
Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tyr'd with chaſing,
Or like the froward infant ſtild with dandling:
He now obeyes, and now no more reſiſteth,
While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth.

What waxe ſo frozen but diſſolues with tempring,
And yeelds at laſt to euery light impreſſion?
Things out of hope, are compaſt oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue, whoſe leaue exceeds commiſſion:
Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward,
But thē woes beſt, whē moſt his choiſe is froward.

When

When he did frowne, ô had ſhe then gaue ouer,
Such nectar from his lips ſhe had not ſuckt,
Fowle words, and frownes, muſt not repell a louer,
What though the roſe haue prickles, yet tis pluckt:
Were beautie vnder twentie locks kept faſt,
Yet loue breaks through, & picks them all at laſt.

For pitie now ſhe can no more detaine him,
The poore foole prayes her that he may depart,
She is reſolu'd no longer to reſtraine him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her hart,
The which by *Cupids* bow ſhe doth proteſt,
He carries thence incaged in his breſt.

Sweet boy ſhe ſayes, this night Ile waſt in ſorrow,
For my ſicke heart commands mine eyes to watch,
Tell me loues maiſter, ſhall we meete to morrow?
Say, ſhall we, ſhall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tells her no, to morow he intends,
To hunt the boare with certaine of his frends.

The boare (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſuddaine pale,
Like lawne being ſpread vpon the bluſhing roſe,
Vſurpes her cheeke, ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his necke her yoking armes ſhe throwes.
She ſincketh downe, ſtill hanging by his necke,
He on her bellie falls, ſhe on her backe.